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NOTES OF THE WEEK.

During the last two years there has been introduced a system of conferences or audiences between important Cabinet Ministers and the representatives of the Press. They are supposed to be confidential, though we have discovered for ourselves that the Minister whispers nothing in the ear of the Editor that he did not know before, or that the Minister does not wish to be circulated. But we betray no confidence—it is a secret of Polichinelle—in saying that certain figures were given about three months ago of production of aeroplanes in this country. If those figures were untrue, the Minister was (no doubt unconsciously, that is to say, he was speaking from an official brief) deceiving the Press. If the figures were true, there can be no reason to-day for our not having sufficient aircraft to bomb German towns. For we are told to-day, not publicly but unofficially, that the only reason why we do not raid such German towns as Cologne, Hamburg, Frankfurt and Mayence is that we have not enough aeroplanes. Why have we not enough aeroplanes? The figures given by the Minister, both to the Press and to the House of Commons in secret session, spoke of thousands of aeroplanes: where are they? The man in the street keeps on asking himself and his neighbours why, if the Germans can attack London from the air, can we not attack Berlin? Obviously, London is on a river, near its sea-mouth, and Berlin is in the centre of a Continent. But Hamburg's situation is very like that of London. Why is Hamburg not bombed? Cologne is very accessible: Why is Cologne not raided? If Mr. Lloyd George had not swept into his net every member of Parliament with a tongue in his head, these questions would be put in the House of Commons. Mr. Asquith can rouse himself to make an eloquent speech, on occasion: but he is too somnolent to conduct a vigilant Opposition.

As London and the South-Eastern counties have now suffered six air-raids in a week, we may take it that air-warfare, that is, the dropping of huge explosive bombs upon non-combatants, the old, the women, and children, is a regular and integral branch of German war. Just think of the meaning of that. From time immemorial, war by regular armed forces upon non-combatants has been universally condemned and never practised, except by savages. If non-combatants have suffered in wars between civilised nations, it is because the non-combatants have lived in fortified places, or attacked the soldiers. The Germans have, however, made a new departure: they have systematically, continuously, and indiscriminately fired upon masses of non-combatants with the most deadly kind of modern artillery. So be it: they are piling up the bill.

German criminality is a special brand, and is as much due to stupidity and lack of humour as to congenital cruelty. At the Hague Conference in 1907, during a debate on the laying of submarine mines, Marschall von Bieberstein, speaking for Germany, said, "Military acts are not ruled exclusively by the stipulations of international law. There are other factors: conscience, good sense, and the sentiment of duties imposed by the principles of humanity will be the surest guide for the conduct of seamen, and will constitute the most efficacious guarantee against abuse. The officers of the German Navy—I say it with a high voice—will always fulfil in the strictest manner the duties which flow from the unwritten law of humanity and civilisation. . . . As to the sentiments of humanity and civilisation, I cannot admit that any Government or country is superior to that which I have the honour to represent."

We owe this gem of oratory to Mr. Gibson Bowles's 'Sea-Law and Sea-Power,' pp. 117-118. Eight years after its delivery, the countrymen of the Marschall von

Bieberstein were waving flags over the sinking of the "Lusitania" and the "Sussex," were pouring liquid fire and deadly gas into the trenches of their enemies, and were burying tubes of disease-germs in the garden of their Embassy at Bukarest. The curious thing is that no exposure seems able to pierce the triple brass of the German national character. In waiting patiently for the day of reckoning, we must fall back for consolation on history, which teaches us that for every false word or unrighteous deed, for lust or vanity, for cruelty and oppression, the price has to be paid at last; not always by the chief offenders, but paid by some one. Louis XVI paid for Louis XIV and Louis XV; and if the Kaiser does not pay for this war, the Crown Prince and his children and the rising generation of Germans will pay, not only in money, but infamy.

One of the most comical of the attitudes struck by the prince of *farceurs*, Baron Kühlmann, is that of the modern demagogue. The Kaiser, the Reichstag and the German people, *le bon peuple*, are now acting in unison. The People of Germany (which people, the Prussians, Bavarians, Saxons or Hanoverians?), having been consulted, quite agree with the Kaiser and Baron Kühlmann, and Chancellor Michaelis, that "an atmosphere" of peace must be created before any definite terms are tabled. Which being interpreted only means that the five or six men who dispose of the destinies of Central Europe have not yet ascertained whether the United States will or can send over to France any considerable number of troops. Of course, the German peoples (for there are at least six nations in the Empire) have as much to do with this wait-and-see policy as the Khan of Tartary.

If the Kaiser, or Baron Kühlmann, or Dr. Michaelis, only knew how many American troops had already landed, and are now being drilled in France, a strong and pacific key-note would at once be struck. But amongst the innumerable blunders of the German High Command the greatest is the assumption that the Governments of other nations bluff as impudently as themselves. The German Staff refuse to believe that the Americans will be able to transport any considerable number of men across the Atlantic, because they believe their own Admiralty reports that the U-boats are steadily destroying our command of the seas. The facts, however, are the reverse of all this: and when once the German Staff ascertain these facts, which very soon they cannot help doing, there will be a rapid change of tone. The Reichstag resolution and the reply to the Pope will be reproduced and found to meet exactly the demands of the Entente Powers.

The financial outlook in Bulgaria is not one for which Ferdinand's subjects have much reason to be grateful. The National Debt must be at least £150,000,000, and the total monthly loan from the Central Empires cannot exceed a couple of millions sterling. German notes are freely circulated, probably in the pathetic belief that they are covered by German gold. *Credat Judæus Ferdinandus!* Only in the matter of coal is Sofia better off than most other Continental capitals, as, in addition to the rich mines within easy reach of the city itself, there is now a considerable output from the Bobvadol coalfields on which, after the war, Germany has a heavy lien in respect of a pre-war loan. Indeed, the German hand lies heavy on the land, and the Bulgars are short of clothes, tobacco, and most other necessities of life, which are requisitioned for their distinguished ally. And they are keeping four meatless days a week.

It is practically certain that there will be a shortage of meat in the spring. The price fixed for meat sold to the Army by the grazier is at present 74s. a cwt., which in January, 1918, will be reduced to 60s. a cwt. At this price only breeders can make the business pay, and with them the margin of profit must be narrow,

with the rise in the price of cake and fodder. Farmers who buy store cattle to fatten cannot make a profit in these conditions: and those who have bought at high prices have been obliged in certain parts of the country, Sussex, for instance, to sell half-fattened beasts to the dealers. The farmer in selling to the dealer can ask what prices he likes. But as the dealer is limited in selling to the butcher, and the butcher is limited in retailing to the public, it practically comes back to the farmer.

Seeing that there are some five million men with the Colours who are being fed as they never were fed before in their lives, and seeing that there are some sixteen million men and women at home who are making unheard-of wages which they spend largely on eating, the wonder is that there has not already occurred a shortage of meat and bread. It will come, sure enough, as the shortage of sugar has already come. Any privations which the old, and the *rentier* class and their families, and the poor unemployables may have to endure are entirely owing to the selfishness of the handworkers in the prime of life, who are the most unfeeling profiteers produced by the war. As "rectors of our daily rioting," Lord Rhondda, Sir Alfred Yapp, and an army of officials have been appointed, but they are as impotent as the War Cabinet.

Sir Richard Cooper, M.P., is reported by the *Morning Post* as saying, in support of the National Party, that "two-thirds of our people" (i.e., thirty millions) live on the border-line of poverty, their children are born and reared in squalor, their physique is for the most part wretched, disease is all too prevalent, and the centre of their social recreation is confined to the public-house, except in those few centres which possess a public library." Such a farrago of mischievous and mendacious nonsense we have never read except in the inflammatory leaflets of the revolutionary Socialists, whose menace to Society has just been exposed by the *Times*. If a third of what Sir Richard Cooper says were true, we should not have been able to place in the field an army of five millions of splendid physique, almost at a moment's notice, and to have produced munitions and ships with an energy that has astonished the world.

To say of the working-classes that their social recreation is confined to the public-house is a libel. The cinemas and music-halls are crammed, and we all know that hundreds of thousands play and watch football matches. To say that two-thirds of our population, or thirty million souls, live on the border-line of poverty is a dangerous exaggeration, which we expect to find in the speeches of Mr. Smillie, or the pamphlets of Mr. Sidney Webb, but not in the mouth of Sir Richard Cooper. The writer in the *Times* put the Labour nation at four million families with an aggregate income of a thousand millions, that is, an income of £250 per family. Is that the border-line of poverty? If the National Party is going in for sentimental Socialism, backed by revolutionary agitators, let us know it. But if the National Party wants to gain the support of sensible men, with money in their purse, they had better muzzle their baronet.

The visit of Lord Milner to Mr. Lloyd George at Crickieth has, of course, afforded much food for the political gossips. Has Lord Milner become a Radical Socialist? We have been confidently assured that he has entered into a solemn compact with Mr. Lloyd George, an offensive and defensive alliance between the austere Unionist and Imperialist and the mercurial demagogue Socialist. Certainly two men more widely separated by temperament and education than Lord Milner and Mr. Lloyd George it is difficult to imagine. But they have this common bond of policy, that both are State Regulationists: Lord Milner always was

one, and Mr. Lloyd George has become one. As an eminent novelist, Mrs Maud Diver, pointed out in the SATURDAY REVIEW last week, autocracy and democracy have the same object and the same result, the enslavement of individuals by fastening on their necks the yoke of State Regulation.

The career of Bolo Pasha reads like a chapter of one of Daudet's novels. The son of a notary of Marseilles, he has led the conventional life of the financial adventurer, promoting swindles, now in splendour, now in squalor. He appears to have worn the ribbon of the Legion of Honour without having been admitted to the Order, a curious illustration of French manners. The outbreak of war found Bolo *en dèche*, when a lucky chance washed him up against the ex-Khedive Abbas, the most disreputable of the puppet rulers at Cairo, whom Austria supplied with money and mistresses, and whom the British Government ejected just before the war. Abbas promptly made Bolo a pasha, and Zurich became the meeting-place of Abbas, Bolo, Sadik (another pasha) and a Frenchwoman. This precious quartette succeeded in "touching" Herr von Jagow, German Foreign Secretary, to the tune of half a million sterling, some of which was spent on German propaganda in Paris and the United States. Charles Humbert borrowed £220,000 of Bolo to buy the control of the *Journal*, and has repaid the money.

The impression left on our mind by the two bulky volumes of Sir Charles Dilke's Life is that his mental calibre was overrated by his contemporaries and his biographers. He was supposed, for instance, to have a consummate knowledge of the world, and to be a good judge of men. Yet he pronounced "Lulu," the present Lord Harcourt, to be a greater man than his father, and Mr. Churchill to be a greater man than Lord Randolph. Sir Edward Grey he dismissed as able, but "terribly Whiggish," in which he was right. Viscount Grey combines all the worst qualities of an old Whig, arrogance, indolence, and when pinched by realities, perfect helplessness. Dilke's contrast between "Grey reserved" and "Balfour telling everything to everybody" is good, as is the description of Gorst, "a nominal Tory, in fact, a Radical, ever battering his own side for the fun of the operation."

Bismarck's dislike of women in high places was not unnatural, for he lived in an era of queens. He believed that Queen Victoria inspired her daughter, the Crown Princess (afterwards the Empress Frederick) in her opposition to him, but in this he was probably mistaken. Queen Victoria was only too pro-German in her politics, while her eldest child was a woman of wide reading and independent views. Sir Rennell Rodd, our Ambassador at Rome, owed his first rise in the Diplomatic Service to the pretty little poems, which, when an attaché at Berlin, he used to indite to the Empress Frederick, who liked to be thought a patroness of letters. All this was gall and wormwood to the rough old Chancellor, who despised literary accomplishments. "Always distrust an Englishman who speaks French with a good accent: he is generally a bad lot; the only exception I know is Odo Russell, who is really a good fellow, and speaks French well," was another of Bismarck's reflections.

Quite the funniest thing in Dilke's social reminiscences is Schouvalof's after-dinner description of the Berlin Congress. After mimicking Lord Beaconsfield's grave manner, he came to Lord Salisbury, who, according to him, spoke bad French. "He made Lord Salisbury coin an extraordinary phrase, at which he himself (Schouvalof), all the Frenchmen, and Gortschakof, shrugged their shoulders with one accord. Lord Salisbury turned fiercely round and

asked what was the matter with it, to which Saint-Vallier replied that there was nothing the matter with it except that it was not French. 'Not French?' said Lord Salisbury, and rang the electric bell by the button in front of him, and when the door was opened, holding up his hand to show the messenger who had rung, said: 'Fetch Mr. Currie.' Philip Currie appeared at the door, bowing deeply, whereon Lord Salisbury read his phrase to him, and said: 'Mr. Currie, is that good French?' to which Currie replied, 'Excellent French, my lord'; whereon Lord Salisbury turned to our French colleagues and said: 'There!'

This is exquisite fooling, as is the description of Lord Beaconsfield arguing about boundaries in English, and Gortschakof answering in French, while Bismarck stalked up and down the room, with arms folded, growling in a deep voice, "Eh bien, messieurs, arrangez-vous: car si vous ne vous arrangez pas, demain je pars pour Kissingen." As a matter of history, we believe that Lord Beaconsfield solved what threatened to be a dead-lock by paying a ceremonious visit to Prince Bismarck, and asking casually what time the Flushing express left Berlin. One of the vexed questions at the Congress was whether there should be two Roumelias or one, the latter arrangement being insisted on by England. Some months later Schouvalof and Lord Beaconsfield met at Hatfield, where one evening the Russian Ambassador was asked to make punch, at which he professed to be an adept. "I am afraid of making it too strong," said Schouvalof, stirring the bowl, "or Lord Beaconsfield will see two Roumelias."

So long as her uncle and her husband lived, Queen Victoria was entirely under the influence of King Leopold of Belgium (a Coburger) and the Prince Consort (another of that House); and, unfortunately, their views on European politics remained in Her Majesty's mind during her life. This accounts for the fatal attitude of non-intervention adopted by Great Britain, while Prussia was allowed first to conquer and partition Denmark in company with Austria, then to conquer Austria, and finally to provoke and partition France. It is, of course, impossible to say positively whether Palmerston and Russell would have fought Prussia and Austria to prevent the annexation of Schleswig-Holstein, had they not been compelled by the Queen to back out of their dispatches. But it is certain that to the policy of looking on with folded arms whilst Prussia despoiled Denmark, Austria, and France we owe the present war.

It so happened that Gladstone was Chancellor of the Exchequer when the first of these demoralising conquests took place, and Prime Minister when Austria and France were demolished. Queen Victoria's German policy fitted in with the determined pacifism of Gladstone, who was intent on reducing our military and naval expenditure in order to produce good Budgets. Yet Gladstone's acquiescence in Queen Victoria's predilection for Germany did not secure him the affection of his sovereign. The Queen hated Gladstone, partly because he bored her with long harangues, much as George Grenville bored George III: partly because she disliked his Irish and Egyptian policies; and partly because, with a Monarch's instinct, she discerned that he was drifting rapidly towards the politics of the pavement. When in 1892 Madame Waddington, the French Ambassadors, called at Buckingham Palace to take her leave, the Queen apologised for keeping her waiting by saying she had been detained by Mr. Gladstone. Madame Waddington murmured the praises of so great a man, at such an age, etc. All that the Queen said was, "He is very deaf."

The rise in the price of commodities, which is to some extent caused by the incontinent consumption of those at home, has hit the charitable organisations for war relief pretty hard, and rendered subscriptions from the public more necessary than ever. Two of the best managed, and, in our opinion, most deserving of these war charities are the British Prisoners of War Food Parcels and Clothing Fund, of which the honorary treasurer is Miss C. Knowles, 25, Trevor Square, S.W., and the Ladies' Emergency Committee of the Navy League, whose office is at 56, Queen Anne Street, Cavendish Square. Both these organisations send food to prisoners, and want money badly. King George's Fund for Sailors, of which the Duke of Connaught is the Chairman, has a different but not less deserving object, namely, to support the benevolent marine institutions throughout the country.

The glorious autumn weather has acted like a magnet to draw all classes of Londoners into the country. The East End has transferred itself to Brighton, and "the Southern Belle" has become "the Palestine Express." In the West End the wealthy are folding their tents, and stealing rapidly towards the setting sun. Leamington, ancient queen of midland spas, has recovered her courtiers. Even Tunbridge Wells, far the most beautiful of inland resorts, but hitherto forgotten, except by the old, has been invaded by the flying horde. The soft climate and seclusive charm of Bude, one of the most westerly spots in England, have suddenly been discovered by so many families that irreverent wits christen it "the Funk Hole." We wonder why: for surely this exodus is merely a natural desire to enjoy the summer of St. Martin.

Is it not time that the Government should reconsider its treatment of the British Museum Exhibition Galleries? For the saving of a few hundreds a year it has closed these galleries, and deprived thousands on thousands of our Dominion soldiers and allies of what is perhaps their only chance of seeing a first-rate collection of antiquities, and a great national library.

We do not, of course, expect that priceless Greek vases or the Elgin Marbles should be left exposed to the mercy of the chance raider—they are safely put away; but a worthy exhibition of Greek, Egyptian, and Assyrian antiquities, still in their places, and a valuable and representative collection of printed books and colour prints of great educational value, could be shown without making any undue demand on the existing staff of the Museum attendants, and the country would be relieved of the shame of turning away a hundred Canadian or Australian soldiers every day of the week from the gates of the Museum. We have heard it said by one in a position to know that the taxi-cab fares to the Museum that have been wasted by soldiers on leave amount to many times the cheese-parings gathered in by this disgraceful parsimony.

The indecision of the Government and its waste of time and labour are strikingly exhibited in the case of the Liverpool Stadium, one of the chief boxing centres in the North. It was commandeered a while since, and partly demolished. Then it was released and rebuilt. Then again it was commandeered and demolition was begun, and then followed a further reprieve, with much rebuilding to do. These proceedings would be comic if we were not at war, and already bearing immense burdens of taxation.

On the Western Front our advanced line is intact. It is evident that the Germans attach great importance to the higher ground north of the Menin road which we captured last week, but all their attempts to recover it have been only expensive failures. Public attention has been chiefly concentrated on the bombing of German aerodromes which have been heavily damaged by our raiders. On Thursday morning a new offensive was begun on a wide front east of Ypres. Satisfactory progress is reported, though no details were available when we went to press.

THE TWO NATIONS.

FEW, if any, of those who have read and understood the articles in the *Times* on the revolutionary section of the Labour party can have failed to be impressed by their sinister significance. The facts are not new to us, and have been well known to the authorities at Scotland Yard for the last few years. But the *Times* has rendered a service to society by publishing them in a form so clear and cogent that they must be blind indeed or deaf who will not take the warning. The writer divides the people of Great Britain into two nations, of about equal size, consisting of some four million families (i.e., some twenty million individuals) each. The one nation is that of Labour, nominally controlled by the Trade Unions or the State or both, of which many individuals mean to be loyal and law-abiding, but of which all hold what are called Socialist or Collectivist views of the structure of society. Like all masses of human beings, the great majority are rather inert and quite hazy in their minds, but swayed by small numbers of agitators, and intellectual anarchists like the Fabian pamphleteers, who supply them by a ceaseless and fanatical propaganda with anti-national and revolutionary ideas. The other nation, which the writer calls Old England, is composed of the propertied and professional classes, the *rentiers* and those who live on and by them, the mercantile, financial and clerical class, and such national industries as have hitherto escaped the control of the State, the textile industries of Lancashire, the pottery manufacturers of Staffordshire, and the agricultural classes, farmers and labourers. This nation, Old England, is, in its views of society, individualist, almost to a man, believing in the old-fashioned doctrine that the citizen of a civilised State shall be free to enjoy what he has earned or inherited, and that he is a better judge of how to spend or save his money than any State official. This nation is loyal, obedient to authority, and brave in war with a foreign enemy: but quite unorganised, without leaders, and when faced by organised labour an arrant coward. These two nations were beginning to separate and confront one another when the war broke out. For the first year, perhaps for the first two years, in a mood of national exaltation, or in the sense of a common peril, these two nations forgot their differences, and stood side by side, or intermingled, in face of the foe. Since 1915, however, the disloyal, anti-national, and dishonest conduct of the revolutionary section of the Labour Party has forced this antagonism of the two nations once more upon the attention of the Government, and of those who observe the Government.

All honour to those of the working classes (particularly the miners from certain parts of the country) who volunteered at the beginning of the war, though they did no more, to be sure, than the rest of their countrymen, not so much in proportion to their numbers as the upper and middle classes. But it is the residuum of the handworkers with whom the Government has now to deal, and, if the fate of England had been in the hands of this residuum, the war would have been over by this time, and those of us who had escaped with our lives would have become the vassals of Germany. It is not the recognised Trade Union leaders who are arraigned in these articles, for they have lost their power: it is the shop-stewards and the younger revolutionaries who are working against the war and against the authority of the Government. The writer in the *Times* shows us that to call the struggle one between capital and labour is untrue, because the capitalist employer has abdicated or been dethroned by the State, of whom he has become the pensioner. It is a fight between the two nations, the revolutionary Socialist Labour nation and the Individualist nation of property owners and uncontrolled industries, with the Government hovering helplessly between the two. When Mr. Asquith declared in August in the House of Commons that all our military and naval strength

was due to Labour, he said the thing which was not. The Labour nation has not borne its fair share of the burthen of war, but has shifted it on to the shoulders of the Individualist nation. In point of numbers with the colours, the Individualist nation has contributed more than its proportion, and the Labour nation has now made itself practically immune from military service. All the talk of the dilution of labour by the substitution of women and of those who can be taught to take the places of the present workers in Government service has come to nothing. The Regulations of the Defence of the Realm Act, the Munitions Act, the Recruiting Act, and the National Service Ministry have been openly and successfully defied. Strikes were made illegal: but strikes occur every day, and are rewarded by concession. It remains to be seen whether the strike of the Scotch iron-moulders will be rewarded by another Government surrender. It was supposed that restriction of output had been made impossible: but the national output still remains far below what it ought to be, and is, in some cases, below what it was. No sooner is one demand granted than it is followed by another: demand succeeds demand, and strike succeeds strike.

But if the Labour nation has made itself immune from military service, in the matter of pecuniary contribution it has more than shirked its share. The writer in the *Times* estimates that the wages of the Labour nation have risen from 600 millions before the war to 1,000 millions to-day, and this will be doubled before long, if Government continues to give way. The income of the Individualist nation is put at about the same figure, 1,000 millions. But, according to the figures of the Budget, five-sixths of the war expenditure is borne by the income tax and death duties, which are paid by a class which cannot exceed two million persons. The indirect taxes on tea, tobacco, and alcohol have been raised; but, as we have already pointed out in a previous issue, these taxes are paid by both nations, and fall more heavily on the upper and middle classes than on the handworkers, as is proved by the diminished consumption of the Individualist nation and the largely increased consumption of the Labour nation. The *rentier* classes are being taxed out of a quarter to a third of their incomes to pay five-sixths of the war bill; all their mentally and physically best men have joined the Army; while they find the cost of living continually raised against them by the unceasing demands for more wages by those who stay at home and refuse to increase their output or reduce their consumption. In plain language, the Individualist nation is compelled to pinch itself in the matters of food, fuel, light, clothes, and education, in order that the Labour nation may fare plentifully, enjoy roaring fires, buy jewellery and furs for its women, and amuse itself by football and coursing on the three days a week which it still devotes to "play." With regard to the residuary coal-miners, at all events, this is the literal truth. To such a dangerous depth of impotence has the authority of the national Government been reduced by ten years of Radical rule! The first deadly blow at the authority of law was struck by the Trades Disputes Act of 1906, the promise of which secured the great Liberal majority at the polls. The Conservatives must share some of the blame for this surrender of society to lawless numbers, for very many Conservative candidates pledged themselves to support it; and neither Mr. Balfour nor Lord Lansdowne had the courage to divide against it. But from 1906 down to the present day Mr. Asquith and Mr. Lloyd George have lived by buying the votes of the Labour nation with the money of the Individualist nation. No Tudor or Stuart prince was ever dosed with such gross and servile flattery as Messrs. Asquith and Lloyd George have ladled out to the Labour nation, who may be said to have been "fed by soft dedications all day long." Having been told for ten years that they are the salt of the nation, the only people who matter, the makers of the Empire's greatness, is it surprising that the members of the Labour

nation have believed it, and are now acting upon it? The vital question is, how is the other nation, which, we dare aver, has had as much to do with British civilisation as the Trade Unions, to save itself and the Empire from financial bankruptcy and political revolution of the Russian type? It must organise itself, and it must find leaders, or, at least, a man. We should think better of the so-called National Party if we did not find too many traces in its manifesto of a desire to curry favour with the Labour nation, which must be fought, not fawned on.

THE CLUB HABIT.

By A MEMBER OF BAYES.

THE confirmed clubman is known to all of us. He is usually of middle age, neatly but not conspicuously dressed; he hates loud noises and a babel of tongues; he likes his meals well chosen and well cooked; he has a multitude of acquaintances, for the most part worth knowing; woman with him is a hobby not a pursuit. As a type he rouses the anger of the Socialist, being presumed to be a profiteer or a peer, and earns the scorn of women, since in their eyes he stands for the antithesis of domesticity. It is the prevalence of this latter theory that makes club frequenting an offence, almost a synonym for vice. "He's always at the club," spoken of husband or male relative, is a verdict and sentence all in one, for the place is looked upon as demoralising, being the lair of the confirmed bachelor where he is secure from feminine cajoleries, or, to employ a metaphor of the times, a dug-out, proof against the heaviest bombardment of invitations directed from the social batteries of Belgravia and Mayfair.

To turn from make-believe to reality—what is the reason for the wide-spread nature of the club habit? Why do men congregate together in monastic establishments, and pay heavy entrance fees and subscriptions for the privilege of so doing? Creature comforts are provided, no doubt, and the idiosyncracies of the male sex studied, in clubs. But so they are in the average private house. Easy chairs that are easy, sporting papers, tobacco in all its forms, alcohol—these are to be found in every smoking-room worthy of the name. A self-respecting individual lets no law but his run in his personal domain. He is a committee of one, so far as catering for his own and his friends' tastes is concerned, with the added advantage that no one distasteful to himself is admitted. No, the club habit has its roots in other soil than that of mere physical comfort. It is because a man can get complete immunity from feminine society, and all that it involves, that he frequents his club. However devoted a husband he may be, however much he may enjoy the propinquity of women, there are moments when the only thing that matters is the companionship of his own sex, when a burnt chop with a crony seems more desirable than a ten course dinner served by a chef, with the most attractive woman in the world as his neighbour, when the prospect of a *tete-a-tete* with Helen of Troy would be less tempting than that of a chat with, say, Bill Bailey.

The most chivalrous, the most enlightened of mortals feels this impulse, and it is no sign of weakness or degeneracy to indulge it, for it is ingrained in his nature. It is safe, on psychological grounds, to assert that in the Stone Age primitive man visited a convenient cave and there regaled himself on mammoth steaks in the company of his fellows, while the women of the tribe remained at home with boulders rolled across the mouths of their dwelling-places for safety's sake. Pepys with his coffee taverns, Dr. Johnson with his Club, bear testimony to the historical continuity of this masculine trait. Not even a world where women, forming a majority of the electorate,

have the power to enforce their will on the community, will be able to eradicate this instinct, or abolish the institutions that gratify it.

A man is never quite himself when women are present. Instinctively he endeavours to show himself in the most favourable light. He strives to please. He responds to the stimulus afforded by the presence of the opposite sex. He narrows his outlook to their horizon, restricts his topics to those they can appreciate. The average woman's idea of gathering the news of the day is to glance at the pictures in the morning paper; her notion of politics, to dissect the reputation of a statesman's wife. Servants, dresses, gossip, tittle-tattle of all kinds, gleaned from what is euphemistically termed "The Society Press"—these are the subjects that interest her to the exclusion of almost everything else, more especially once she has accomplished that purpose for which she was created, and secured a husband. Conversation between her and a man, when it is not an exchange of trivial topics, is a covert flirtation, stimulating enough, no doubt, to an individual eager for relaxation after the anxieties of a public or professional career, but making an appeal to only one side of his nature. As the giant Antæus renewed his strength from each contact with his mother, Earth, so does a man by a visit to his club. There he is his own master, with no wishes to consult but his own, no conventions to conform to, able to smoke, eat, talk, or sit silent without laying himself open to the charge of being unmannerly or dull. Moreover he sees his friends as they really are, not masquerading as characters in some carnival. As there are no women to impress with his esprit and badinage, Brown displays a general knowledge that marks him as a shrewd student of affairs. Jones, no longer self-conscious and tongue-tied, proves himself a raconteur of the first water. Robinson, who

"—Capers nimbly in a lady's chamber
To the lascivious pleasing of a lute,"

removed from this dubious environment, turns out to be an authority on sport of all kinds, and a "big game" shot of experience.

Women impose an unnatural standard of conduct on their men folk. What they call good manners is, more often than not, sheer effeminacy. The pretty speech ready at the tip of the tongue for no more important occasion than passing the marmalade, the inability to do so simple a thing as lighting a pipe without first asking permission, the readiness to jump up from a chair at the shortest notice, the fluency of insincerity—"How well you're looking this morning!" or "How becoming that hat is?"—these are the qualities that nine out of ten women value in men to the exclusion of more virile attributes. This is the spirit that criticises the victor of Marengo and Austerlitz for his lack of dignity at the Tuileries, and depreciates the achievements of Oliver Cromwell because he had a wart on his nose.

Distrust the person who says, "I have no use for a club!" The interpretation of this remark is that a club has no use for him, that his own sex, turning its back on him by reason of his unsociable, churlish nature, has abandoned him to the untender mercies of the other. If he belongs to a club his attitude implies that his fellow-members take no pleasure in his company. Thereafter let him restrict himself to cigarettes because a pipe is not allowed in the drawing-room, and his study is wanted for the children, let him grow grey handing tea-cups and taking the Pekinese out for exercise, let him dine at home every night of the week and hear what the duchess said to Lady Mary and all the rest of it. Then, when in the course of his constitutionals about St. James' he shall see the votaries of the club habit seated in bow windows, majestic, serene, let him know himself for the renegade he is, one who has sold his birthright and walks—an outcast.

THE FUTURE OF THE SUBALTERN.

III.—THE SUBALTERN'S PART.

TALK to any regimental officer on leave of his experiences of the Front and ninety-nine times in a hundred he will crystallise his dominant impression into one phrase:—"The men are wonderful." There is very little variation in the wording, there is absolute unanimity in the sentiment. The phrase is uttered with the intensity of one who has made a discovery. It is a discovery. Before war reduced the lives of all these Britons to a primitive simplicity, there was an impassable barrier between the souls of those who worked with their hands, and of those who worked with their brains. In the grip of a common cause, sanctified by the presence of Death, life became a sacrament and human effort a liturgy. War-service in the valley of the shadow revealed the equality of man, revealed, too, man's inequality. For in the face of visible tangible danger men fell naturally into two groups, those who led and those who followed. Any officer who has handled men will agree that it is hardly an extravagance to compare the relations of a subaltern to his men with those of a mother to her child. It is their sheer helplessness, the deliberate surrender of the men to their officer's keeping, which, most of all, makes them so lovable to him. It is not only that he is personally responsible for their physical well-being, not only that he must personally supervise their every article of clothing, their cleanliness, their change of socks and shirts, the condition of their gas-masks and their rifles (which may mean the difference for them between life and death); not only because their efficiency to preserve their own lives and to function adequately as parts of the vast fighting machine is in his keeping; but also because they, conscious of his responsibility, yield themselves totally and without reserve into his hands. It is as though their subconscious selves said:—"The officer is here to look after us. He can look after us much better than we can look after ourselves. Therefore, we place ourselves entirely in his keeping."

This attitude of theirs may, perhaps, be explained as due to man's instinctive tendency to lean on something outside himself, when confronted with a force he cannot control, the same instinct that created for mankind exorable gods. But with its psychological aspect we are not concerned. Its political aspect is of paramount significance.

Demos now in khaki will return to-morrow, as we have seen, a changed creature to a changed world. Its immediate problem will be that of reinstatement, or, in other words, the beginning of life over again under a vast complex of economic difficulties. Incidentally, it will have a new soul. However primitive you may be, however meagrely educated, you cannot go through Hell for an Ideal and come out the same man as you went in. One thing in common all these *revenants* will possess, the sense of a comradeship achieved in a colossal adventure. It will be a bond stronger than any which unites political partisans to their leaders or to each other, far more real than that which yokes an acquisitive and fickle *plebs* into a brotherhood of anarchy. The class schism of to-morrow will not be between those who Covet and those who Possess. The line of cleavage will rather be between those who Went to War and those who Stayed at Home—the Volunteers and the Profiteers. And the Profiteers, let it be remembered, are to be found to-day in every grade of society, reaping their ill-earned gains from the absence of the nation's manhood in the hour of the nation's need. The man with the gramophone is equally a profiteer with the food middleman. The problem of Reinstatement, Readjustment—call it what you will, it will be the cornerstone of After-the-War politics—will be the problem of adjusting the balance between those who return and those who Never Went.

The key of the problem is in the hands of the Subaltern. He will be a new figure in our political life, and his influence will extend far outside what are now

known as political circles. He will be singularly qualified for his new function, for he will combine enthusiasm for the welfare of Demos with a sympathetic and intimate knowledge and a record which will have won for him their trust. He is drawn from diverse classes of the community, often by a selective process, based on his capacity for leadership. He will possess administrative experience, whether that experience has been limited to the command of a platoon, or been enlarged by the execution of Staff duties. In former days he may have been a University graduate, a stockbroker, an Insurance clerk, or a chauffeur. Whatever his antecedents, he will emerge a man of proved ability in the handling of men, solicitous for the welfare of those who were his comrades under fire. Finally, he will be endowed with the inalienable quality of youth, militant youth.

Multiply him by a hundred thousand or so, and you will have your new governing class for a proletariat imbued with a new sense of the value of discipline, authority, leadership.

Modern Britain, with all its faults, has always enjoyed the reputation of being the best-governed country in an imperfectly governed world. Not by reason of its rulers, but because its people were endowed with the "law-abiding" sense. Our anarchists at home, the agitators and revolutionary intellectuals, have sought to undermine these very qualities which have made the essential Britain. To-day they are seeking, while the nation is occupied with sterner business, to precipitate an anarchical uprising just because in their hearts they know that their power for mischief will be dissipated by the return of the real people. Young England will have no use for such as they are.

In the ancient days, before the multiplication of machinery transformed the employer into a soulless syndicate, masters and men came into direct contact, establishing personal relations. A century of industrialism erected a wall between the employers and the employed. The war has knocked down that wall. Leader and led have learnt to appreciate each other's worth in a more vital business than money-making. The old personal note is restored. It must be our business to conserve that note, for its conservation is of the essence of government. It is precisely because the Subaltern constitutes that personal link between the two main classes of the State that he may be regarded as the Pivot of the transition to the New Order. In the works and in the factory, in social spheres, and in political spheres, he cannot fail to make his influence felt. It may be that the art of government will become more localised, that the Regimental Associations will be the nucleus of a real social, non-partisan force, functioning through rejuvenated and revitalised District and County Councils. Such speculations concern details on which it is not necessary for our present purposes to enlarge. But the cardinal fact remains that the care of the workers will come as second nature to the employer's son who mothered them, or men like them, in the trenches.

Those who are reaching up to their shelves for the cob-webbed catchwords of yesterday are blind—as they always were blind—to the realities of to-day. The comradeship of the trenches has already moulded the revolution which the great Return will consummate. Not for profit or self-advancement, not for shorter hours and bigger wages did the manhood of the nation march out to the field of slaughter and sacrifice. Not for these things; but for a mere Idea of Liberty, a re-awakened faith in their England. While the self-styled Intellectuals who professed to lead the people ranged at home of their little ideals, the real Idealists were fighting with bomb and bayonet in the Crusade against Blasphemous Tyranny. They offered their lives as earnest of their Faith, but their old "leaders" offered only words. So it was that they found their true leaders, and will follow them trustingly in peace as in war.

When the grand reveille sounds the close of these nightmare years of destruction, Demos will return to

take its part in constructing the New England on the solid foundations of the Old. For the Subaltern, the natural leader of Demos, is reserved the high task of guidance and leadership in the critical years that will mark the dawn of the new era.

C. D. S.

[The writer is young and an idealist. We hope that a part of his dream will come true, and that he will not be more than a little disappointed by the return of Demos.—Ed. S.R.]

HORACE AND HIS TIMES.

THE name of Horace on a title-page raises expectations. Are we to have at last the monograph which, like himself, is both light and erudite, and which is a study of human character and achievement rather than a collection of historical facts and theories? The claims of the examiner and the examinee pervert so many books. A "study in historical background" is excellent for such purposes, but a Life of Horace would be better. We know by this time a good deal about the Augustan period, the influences which coloured its verse and the religious revival which boasted Virgil as its saint and Horace as its moralist. Prof. D'Alton admits that he has to enter into rather wearisome detail. Lovers of Horace may object to the Parthians and the Roman land question as strongly as Johnson did to the Punic War. The Professor is so well equipped that he goes beyond his subject and over-crowds it with detail. We do not see, for instance, what the theories of Miss Jane Harrison and Mr. F. M. Cornford concerning classical religion have to do with Horace. We wonder, too, that after pouring out all this solid matter fortified with an immense array of footnotes, the Professor did not crown his labours by devoting a chapter to Horace himself, his little ways and his immortality. A financier in the City (London, A.D., not Rome B.C.), on hearing some of Horace's wisdom in the vulgar tongue, wondered if he would accept an invitation to lunch. Ruskin found in "Est animus tibi, sunt mores, est lingua fidesque" the ideal of a gentleman. Thackeray was never tired of Horace's irony and wisdom, and authors like Stevenson with less Latin have quoted scraps of him as if they were charms to placate the reader. He is, indeed, so much an English author that no more than a word or two is quoted, the context being taken for granted.

Horace's truths may have become truisms, but few before or since have put them so neatly and poignantly. What moralist has been so fine an artist? Who can translate him? The plain doom of those that went before should be a warning, but men learned and unlearned hope to succeed where Milton failed. They cling to Horace, and ignore later teachers and so-called masters of the art of living. The stout little ex-republican who rose at ten, idled in the market and dined off a marble table, and stopped at three glasses, is more to them than all the wisdom of Samuel Smiles or the Hundred Best Books with Mr. Bernard Shaw thrown in.

Horace remains astonishingly modern, and quite up-to-date in his restless alternations between town and country, even in taking to gardening. Was it yesterday that we saw an odd figure with whitening hair wielding the hoe for "dapes inemptae" with the awkwardness of a novice, and were not the neighbours smiling? It is in the "Epistles":—

"Rident vicini glaebas et saxa moventem
Cum servis."

The man who cannot bear to be alone ("non horam tecum esse potes") the man who wants a bigger glass ("calices poscit majores"), the man who is frightened by a portent in the sky out of his irrational rationalism ("Parcus deorum")—they are all still with us. On

*Horace and his Age: A Study in Historical Background. By J. F. D'Alton, Professor of Ancient Classics. Longmans. 6s. net.

the social side of life Horace is inimitable, and he has that touch of independence which specially appeals to the modern man. Rome had the "noise and smoke of town," and emptied in the summer. Puteoli was an Eastbourne, Baiae a Brighton, Tarentum, famous for its mild climate, a Torquay, and of Cicero's eight villas six were on the sea-coast.

But Horace has his serious side, too, which some scholars have of late sought to depreciate. They can see in Prof. D'Alton's learned book what the rule of Augustus meant to Rome. That wary and cynical intellect cherished Virgil and Horace to some purpose. Horace at Philippi preferred his life to useless martyrdom. He mocks himself about his flight, but it was no disgraceful cowardice; otherwise he would not have joined a friend and himself in his playful reminiscence of the poor little lost shield. That he could be playful at all about Philippi was the immense gift of Augustus to a distracted nation. The imperial deification ("deus nobis haec otia fecit") cannot, as it suggested, be whittled down to a literary device, and need not be read in that sense. "Deus," indeed, but the Roman, as Verrall observes, would have spelt the word with a small "d." Latin was beggarly in terms of spiritual distinction. Horace, the ex-republican under Brutus, knew and paid his debt to the master who settled the world into order. We cannot imagine him in mature age, with the crudity of the Epodes long impossible to him, writing about his country things that he did not believe. There is conviction in every line of the great patriotic odes of the Third Book, and we should like to examine the bumps of those strange people who think them lacking in genuine feeling because they are in lyric metres and have Greek ideas and models behind them. They are not the less Roman for that; indeed, with the 'Aeneid,' itself founded on the 'Iliad,' they are the most Roman things we have. Their praise and rebuke are still timely—the ordered home, not the luxurious young men who before the war threw about bread in restaurants; the just, firm purpose, not the vulgar leaders of opinion who shout with the largest crowd. An ode which has been separated from the patriotic series, but surely belongs to it (III, 24), explains who should win the title of "Pater Urbium." "Indomitam audeat refrénare licentiam." Do Petrograd and Moscow read Horace?

The son of a bourgeois father and, it may be, of a Greek slave, Horace was no saint, but he was more independent and contented than most sinners, and better aware of his faults, which he has displayed to us with infinite frankness and good humour. Immersed in the company which produced, with a sly hit at Virgil, the maxim, "Nos nisi damnose bibimus, moriemur inulti," he may have been thinking—"totus in illis"—of those "trifles" of his writing which the world has not been able to match. He knew how to avoid the bores, and found the time to perfect his wit, though that very perfection stopped later imitators. With him the Latin lyric died until it rose again as a Christian hymn. Yet his inspiration has remained a living influence with the world, and it was one of the most potent religious leaders of the nineteenth century who wrote of Horace's abiding charm; of lines, the birth of some chance morning or evening in the Sabine hills which, learnt in boyhood, come to the man, when long years have passed, and "pierce him as if he had never before known them, with their sad earnestness and vivid exactness."

Horace is more than a master of tact, delicacy, and grace. He has an insight into humanity attained only by the greatest of poets. And humanity has not altered much. Though Asterie flirts at an earlier age than she did, and Canidia can add to her range of spite by producing sloppy and malevolent reminiscences, Hebrus in khaki is as bright and athletic as ever, Pyrrha wears her golden hair (or somebody else's) for credulous lovers, prig Damasippus is still preaching, Gargilius is still advertising himself:

"So with the rest: who will may trace
Behind the new each elder face
Defined as clearly;
Science proceeds, and man stands still;
Our world to-day's as good or ill,—
As cultured (nearly),
As yours was, Horace! You alone,
Unmatched, unmet, we have not known."

DEGAS THE REALIST.

WITHIN a month Degas the Realist has followed Matthew Maris the Romantic to that quarter of heaven where, it is supposed, artistic differences of creed are bridged. Their art is left for ultimate assessment, which we of course cannot accurately forecast. The accident of their nearly simultaneous deaths, and the signal difference between their expression naturally incline us to comparison; we wonder which type of art—the dreamer's or the uncompromising realist's—will make longer appeal to man's interest. And at once we find ourselves spinning on those dangerous currents of speculation and criticism which eddy about the central antagonisms of artists. In different degrees the Dreamers stake their artistic honour on the Beautiful, the Realists on Truth. Which creed has it, in the long run?

If there be any virtue in labelling art movements it is that by this crude device broad distinctions can be made. Only thus have the words Classical, Romantic, Impressionist, and so on, any real value. To make a point of Degas being radically a Classicist is rather nonsense if the same label is stuck on David or Ingres. Degas sternly, relentlessly insisted on expressing things that must have made Ingres turn in his solemn grave, things for which Citizen David would have sent him in the first tumbrel to the guillotine. Apparently the reason for chalking Classic on Degas is that he drew well with a firm outline; David did the same, so did Ingres—therefore they are all of one religion. As well might we assert that Milton, Dryden, and Victoria Cross, all using pen and ink, are a band of epic poets. The truth is that Degas was of the same kidney as other unsectarian artists—Donatello, Mantegna, Rembrandt, Goya—to name a few. He simply painted life as unflinchingly, sometimes perhaps in a hard defiant mood, as he could see it. He had no *parti pris*; no special school or propaganda to exploit or boom; he was single-minded, neither a professed Impressionist nor any other -ist. He was out to see things as he—Hilaire Degas—saw them, with unreminiscent eyes. David saw with eyes filled with the glamour of degraded Hellenistic statues; Ingres, with a vision magnetised by Raphaellesque ideal; Delacroix was committed to yet another creed. Impressionists like Renoir and so-called Realists like Courbet expressed the practically universal artistic belief that women invariably are desirable, alluring, pleasure creatures. Degas was revolted by superstitious practices of outworn cults and dissatisfied with the theory that certain things were paintable and certain must be blinked. He refused to enter the conspiracy, and under his own flag painted washerwomen and racehorses, ballet-girls and toilet scenes, with a fresh and unillusioned, rather than disillusioned, eye. He went further and immortalised the wreckage of the wineshop and the street, seeing them without preconception, just as they are. The art that he repudiated depicted life as it ought to be, according to the varying standards of different idealists; Degas curiously examined it for himself and set out his own interpretations. It is very probable that in the long run, when the enticing morsels of the Greuzes and the Fragonards, the seductive and suggestive nudes of Renoir, and all the standardised productions of Idealists have become a bore, Degas's exposures of the sheer and shocking truth will yet stimulate. For man is so made that he is ultimately more excited by discovering that life is thus and thus, than by some

other's views on how, ideally, it ought to be, but isn't.

Your Idealist indignantly replies that, heaven knows, life is a mean and ugly business. There certainly are sots at every pot-house door; there is reason to believe that all women who have knocked about the Quarter are not shaped like Diana; it is distressingly likely that years spent over a wash-tub in a city laundry may coarsen the complexion, while they do not elevate the mind. But these unpleasant things should be hushed up; no gentleman would mention them. The artist's mission is to emphasise the Beautiful and noble, by fostering the idea that all is well; all laundresses and ballet-girls are happy and attractive temptations, for us to envy or to make us lick our lips; all women who perform a toilet have the grace to take enticing poses, and the decency to show appetising figures, and even the inebriate or muzzy prostitute is a touching spectacle. But we know in our hearts that, beneath this charitable and pleasant fiction, there is a thickly seething world denying to heaven our agreeable pretence. Also we suffer incurably from that nostalgia for actuality which makes even the dreadful preferable to the false. In derision, the modern realists are said to labour under *la nostalgie de la boue*; if some like dirt for its own sake, more are driven to pick it over, in the honest hope of finding there a genuine, if crude, actuality which promises to take them further in their quest than can the pious, soothing glosses of truth-blinkers.

It seems possible that behind the controversy over Abraham Lincoln's statue lies this antagonism between Idealists and Realists. Not having seen the abhorred work of Mr. Barnard we obviously must keep an open mind. It may be all its detractors claim for it—grotesque, lying, monstrous. On the other hand, St. Gaudens's Boston statue is a characterless and sentimental thing, suggesting only minor measures of the qualities in Lincoln that still levy veneration from all sorts of Americans and most Englishmen. As a rule Americans are not prone to superstitious respect for traditional reputations; all, however, seem agreed that Washington and Lincoln were really the right thing. But with that strange obliquity of vision and mental confusion which afflict most people where art is concerned, they probably would rather see their hero as, according to ideal standards, he ought to look, than as he actually appeared, transacting the daily business of life and sustaining its monstrous burden of responsibility. Just as the idea of elegant pink and white complexioned laundresses and englamoured ballet-girls commends itself, while the thought that they may be faded, harsh, or disillusioned is intolerable, so people like to be assured that their heroes were smooth and Olympian in cast, a sort of cross between antique statues and the strong silent heroes of the theatre. But yet if we look back to ancient portraiture, what portraits most impress us? Those which have character and bite, harshness and disquietude—anything—even subtle cruelty or torment—that lets us a little further into life. Mr. Barnard's monument may do nothing of the kind: it may be stage uncouthness and bad sculpture; but, on the other hand, the St. Gaudens type of portrait is far too superior to this disconcerting week-day life of suffering and passion to let us into anything but Sunday platitudes.

Degas' unconservative habit of mind came to bear also on the technique of his art, winning new and striking patterns from most unlikely themes, discarding the old suave recipes of the schools. His vision of light and atmosphere far excelled the regular Impressionists', and he had a genius for expressing rhythmic movement or sudden agitated motion. In these things he will live; but most especially his appeal will stand upon his revelation of character, in which respect only Daumier, of the moderns, has surpassed him. In plumbing character these are of Rembrandt's company.

AFTER THE WAR.

(A FANTASY).

"Now is the 'Inter' of our Discontent."—Shakespeare: Post-Bellum Edition.

Returning from interlunar seas
Where patriotism increases,
I found politicians shelling peas—
And pulling the world to pieces.

"And where is Asquith," I asked my host,
"With his twenty-one advisers?"—

"He is trying to lead the super-post
Sub-Internationalisers."

"Where is Lloyd George?"—"He is out to win,
In alliance with Tories hearty,
The semi-demi-democratised Internationalistic party."

"And Balfour?"—"Arthur's an 'Inter,' too:
It's a Barry-extravaganza
To view this Bergsonite new Don Q
With Law for a Sancho Panza."

"Amphibious Haldane, where hides he?"—
In Hague's intermost zone. My patience!
The Kaiser and he are both of them 're-
constructing' their reputations.

"Where is MacDonald? Is he banned,
Or an inter-syndical Jove yet?"—

"He lives in Russo-Switzerland
On the Scandinavian Soviet."

"And Henderson? Preaching or working, which?
For the first is the wont of 'Labour'?"—

"He has taken to cards and is growing rich
By the game of 'Beggar my Neighbour.'"

"And Bernard Shaw?"—"He pens no more plays
But canto upon canto
About St. Bernard—in praise always,
And always in Esperanto."

"And England?"—"We're filling up forms from
birth
To burial: I've a chestful.
Once "without form and void" was Earth.
It sounds uncommonly restful.

"And Port?"—"Disallowed, Sir, but Cocoa's not.
Here's Cadbury's brand most mellow.
So pass the pot while the stuff is hot:—
Your jolly good health, old fellow!"

CORRESPONDENCE.

LITERARY OBSCURITY.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Browning, George Meredith, and Henry James were all literary obscurantists, and, by a well-known law of human nature, their defects drew admirers and excited imitation. I agree with Renan that "*une phrase mal agencée répond, presque toujours, à une pensée inexacte.*" Almost always, says this careful and really great critic. Your reviewer, with much ingenuity and curious felicity, endeavours to defend obscurity. Browning exclaimed that "a man's reach should exceed his grasp." Meredith wrestles with an angel of mystery, and Henry James's style "treads life like a delicate household cat picking her devious way towards a strategic pounce thoroughly well planned in advance." That is certainly a happy image, but it does not disarm my hostility towards these gropers after effect. I regard obscurity as due either to mere affectation, or mental confusion. What are you to say to a novelist who writes "with that drawn blind he never held optical commerce," meaning he never looked at it?

I hold strongly with the Augustans of the first and eighteenth centuries that intelligibility is the first duty and the last beauty of an author. That is why I love Dryden, Pope, and Byron among the poets, and Swift,

Burke, Johnson, and Bagehot among our prose writers. Matthew Arnold sneers a little at the paucity of ideas in our eighteenth century literature. Never mind: such ideas as they had, they held clearly, and expressed pointedly, with an ear for rhythm in verse and prose which Arnold lacked. It may be worth while to pore over the meaning of a passage in a work of science, or history. But to be obliged to read and re-read sentences in the novels of Meredith and James is, I submit, an exasperating waste of time.

Yours obediently,

LECTOR.

THE PROFITEERING RETAILER.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—A great deal of profiteering by retail shops is carried off by sheer impudence on the part of the seller coupled with ignorance or timidity of the buyer. The other day I sent my servant into a grocer's shop in a large provincial town to buy some matches. The grocer had the cheek to ask threepence a box. Luckily my servant is no fool, and said, "But you are not allowed to charge more than three farthings a box. Haven't you got a printed list of prices?" The grocer admitted that he had one, but had not taken the trouble to read it. Upon consulting the list he, of course, sold two boxes of matches for three halfpence, instead of sixpence, the price he tried to get.

At my hotel I am charged 11s. 6d. for a bottle of whisky, for which I used to pay 6s. 6d. Seeing that the whisky is now diluted with water, is not this an extortion which ought to be resisted?

Yours faithfully,

G. B.

REFORM OF DIVORCE LAW.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

United University Club,
Pall Mall, East, S.W.

30 September, 1917.

SIR,—I think the best answer to Mr. Common's letter against any reform of the Divorce Laws is that it is his opinion against the expert opinion of the distinguished body of people who served on the late Royal Commission for nearly two years, and who came to the conclusion that drastic reforms were necessary. How any one who has read the report can come to any other conclusion I really cannot conceive.

One always finds that there is a certain school of thought which is "negative" in nearly everything, and when they have rather a poor case they generally start making the most absurd attempts to make one's flesh creep, with the most alarming prognostications as to how their fellow-countrymen are going to behave!

I remember when Mr. Joseph Chamberlain's Workmen's Compensation Act was on the horizon, some years ago, the inevitable prophecies arrived of dire conspiracies on the part of the workmen who, of course, would get "mixed up" with the machinery to qualify for a payment under the Act! I have seen equally silly prophecies of what would happen if we bring our marriage laws in line with the rest of the civilised world.

I am, your obedient servant,

H. R. HOLLAND.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

45, Sudbourne Road,
Brixton, S.W.2.

1 October 1917

SIR,—It is stated in the Press that on the 8th inst. Sir Alexander Porter, Lord Mayor elect of Manchester, will preside at a meeting at which a resolution will be moved calling for "immediate legislation to convert separations of three years and upwards into divorces, and to give freedom to the million permanently separated persons in the country." It will be a serious waste of time and money if this is not effected by the Act itself—that is to say, there is not the least occasion for further court proceedings to be taken as is proposed by the Bill

in committee, as I am submitting to the Parliamentary Committee. Further, the period ought to be two years to correspond with the present statutory period for desertion.

Your obedient servant,

A. E. BALE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Cocoa Tree Club, St. James's Street, S.W.1.

29 September.

SIR,—I have read Mr. Bale's letter in reply to mine several times, in the hope of finding some points of substance that I could answer. With one exception, however, with which I will deal first, I have found none.

Mr. Bale says that the points to be considered are the promotion of morality, the increase of the legitimate birth-rate, and the checking of disease; and he contends, I presume, that the legislation upon which he has set his heart would effect these objects. My answer is that, if you repeal the law which constitutes stealing a punishable offence, you will reduce crime and check disease in many instances, and will also enormously increase legitimate appropriation of goods and money. I fear that Mr. Bale's argument proves too much.

For the rest, Mr. Bale contents himself with saying that a *reductio ad absurdum* is not argument—I have always considered it one of the best of arguments—with describing my other points as "ridiculous" and "childish," and with sneering at my "inexperience" and "hypocrisy." Really, this is an opponent with whom it is very difficult to deal.

So far as the charge of "hypocrisy" is concerned, I am happy to know that I am in excellent company. As to "experience," there is no accounting for taste; and while I prefer something a little clearer, Mr. Bale appears to have specialised in divorce cases. Fortunately, however, this is not a matter in which experience in divorce cases is of the slightest value, but rather the reverse. Moreover, upon this subject a layman is quite as competent to form a sound judgment as is the most experienced lawyer. It is a question simply of religion, of morality, and of public policy; and on that all-important and all-embracing issue I am quite prepared to stand or fall.

Finally, Mr. Bale thinks that those who employ the religious argument should receive no quarter, but should be dealt with very firmly. Mr. Bale, however, may discover to his amazement and chagrin that we are not quite a nation of atheists yet.

Faithfully yours,

A. KIPLING COMMON.

VOTERS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

21 September.

Warneford Place, Highworth, Wilts.

SIR,—To-day's issue of the *Daily Mail* states that half the sugar forms have been wrongly filled up. The people who are incapable of filling up an extremely simple form correctly form the majority of the electors, and thus control the Government of the country. A stronger argument against the extension of the franchise could not be adduced.

R. BANBURY.

MR. GALSWORTHY AND HIS CRITICS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The deplorable state of literary criticism has been the subject of articles and correspondence in the SATURDAY REVIEW, and I should like to draw your attention to a striking instance of the practice which has been the deserving subject of your ridicule. It appeared in an evening newspaper of the 25th inst., in the form of a review of a book by Mr. John Galsworthy, called 'Beyond.' I am not much concerned with Mr. Galsworthy, who is neither a very good nor a very bad writer, and is probably above the very modest average of novelists of the present day. I am concerned with the reviewer, and with the newspaper which published such a review under the guise of serious literary criticism.

He begins by saying that the subject of the book is "distressing," and then proceeds to remark that "there is something greater than the sigh that a sad subject brings to one's lips in reading a tale told by such a writer as John Galsworthy." We are then informed what the something greater is. "To stifle the sigh comes a kind of rapt gladness that the story of Gyp . . . had been told with a skill so completely masterly." The reviewer then in a short paragraph outlines the story of 'Beyond,' which seems commonplace enough; but he is very soon back to his "rapt" frame of mind. "Mr. Galsworthy's art in characterisation is so wonderful that all the people in the story stand out with crystal clarity." Then follow choice examples of the author's wonderful characterisation. A girl was "avid of sugar-plums." A man had a "sphinx-like sweetish face," and a woman was "red-haired, with one of those wonderful skins that go therewith." It may be noted that Mr. Galsworthy, like another great author, Mr. Yellowplush, is loftily disdainful of the laws of grammar. "Wonderful," continues the adoring critic, "are some of the phrases that conjure before an understanding reader or personality"; and as a select gem of this phase of his author he quotes a phrase regarding a mother and new-born child, "from one to three they had slept together with perfect soundness and unanimity."

Finally, our reviewer reproduces what he calls one of many "revealing sentences," which runs thus: "In her he felt some of that mysterious sentiency of nature which, even in yielding to man's fevers, lies apart with a faint smile—the uncapturable smile of the woods and fields by day or night that makes one ache with longing." And he prints the latter half of this farrago of turgid balderdash in italics, "in rapturous acknowledgment of the felicitous words." Indeed, he is like the foreman in Gilbert's Trial by Jury: "We've but one word, my lord, and that is Rapture."

I have not read 'Beyond'; from this reviewer's account of it, it seems to be Mr. Galsworthy at his worst, and Mr. Galsworthy at his worst is pretty bad. But in all the priceless gems with which he has favoured his readers, and which have moved him to ecstasy, I defy any one of decent literary taste to point to a vestige of genius. Some are commonplace, others merely silly; and in the few excerpts there are two pieces of bad English and one of bad grammar. It is this sort of thing which makes people think that Maudie and Postlethwaite have come to life again; that Brown is writing a rhapsody on Jones's book in one newspaper office, while in another Jones is going into hysterics over the work of Brown. Mr. Galsworthy, whatever his merits or demerits as a writer, is undeniably a man of culture; and it must be immeasurably displeasing to him when his publisher forwards this fulsome nonsense with the other reviews of his work. I trust that you will continue your campaign remorselessly, and wish you every success in the attempt to restore sane and reliable literary criticism.

M. D.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—For your well-merited, scathing review of Mr. Galsworthy's "Beyond" (which I venture to suggest had been better styled "the Limit," and then it had still been "Beyond," I feel I speak for thousands of your readers throughout the country in asking you to accept grateful thanks. I don't know if you are aware that, unfortunately, before it could be criticised on its appearance as a 6s. novel, this indecent stuff had already accomplished its evil work by being scattered broadcast over our poor country in one of the cheap magazines—truly a noble piece of war-work for a high-

minded (?) philanthropist wherewith to help to train the growing youth of the country at this time!! when all our noblest and best are pouring out their blood in France to preserve the sanctity of home and our very existence as a nation. Every decent man and woman will heartily endorse every word you say, for it is just what has been thought and felt for months about these disgusting stories. The only complaint of parents and guardians will be that you seem to regard it as possible for them to prevent their young people from reading such horrid low-class tales. Even if feasible this were hardly wise. What we want is to raise public standards, and otherwise encourage the young to keep themselves clean and decent. A seductive picture is usually placed outside the garbage, as, for instance, of a good-looking youth about to kiss a pretty girl. Of course, our boys buy them at the railway bookstalls, and the mischief is done even though any nice boy does feel the stuff is smirching, and, in a vague way, insulting to his parents and clean home. For, most evidently, the aim of such gentry of the literary trade is to undermine all respect for marriage and parenthood.

It is not enough to rest content that Christ has promised a special retribution shall overtake those who lead the young astray. The young are more precious to the country at this crisis than ever before. What we parents want is to see all such literature ruthlessly confiscated by a courageous censor. Personally, and on behalf of growing up sons and daughters, Sir, I offer you again, my grateful thanks.

Yours truly,

T. C. T.

SIR CHARLES DILKE.

East India United Service Club,
St. James's Square, S.W.1.

30 September, 1917.

SIR,—In your interesting article on Sir Charles Dilke you point out that he was a friend of France, and that his distrust of Germany grew stronger every year of his life. He was driven from public life upon evidence that was exceedingly slender, and exceedingly improbable.

Nevertheless, as you point out the great majority of the outer world believed him to be guilty.

According to M. Reinach, the charges against Dilke were not believed to be true. May not some persons interested in preventing Dilke from becoming the leader of the Liberal Party have through the Press and otherwise influenced the British public to take a view hostile to Dilke? May not German influence have had a considerable share in causing Dilke's fall?

Yours faithfully,

JOHN E. PHILLIMORE.

[This theory seems incompatible with the fact that in 1889, when Dilke was in the depth of disgrace, Bismarck invited him to Friederichsruh and paid him every mark of distinction.—Ed. S.R.]

AIR RAIDS.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

144, Albany Street,
London, N.W.

26 September 1917.

SIR,—At the time of the air raid in July, when the Huns leisurely hovered over and bombarded London one Saturday morning, it was pointed out by several writers that the German fortified towns of Cologne, Dusseldorf, Aachen, Mannheim, all in the Rhineland and easy of access to our airmen, had never been seriously attacked by us. Why? Day after day and week after week we have bombed the Belgium coast dumps, the ammunition and railway centres and presumably the aerodromes, but these attacks have in no measure brought the war

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home to the German population, who, if they do not actually approve and applaud, are totally unconcerned about the massacre of British women and children. The German people look on at our operations in Belgium merely as spectators.

While London, the nerve centre of the Empire and the focussing point of the Grand Alliance, has been bombed for three years past, the German civilians have never yet been made to feel the realities of war. Cologne is the second largest city of the German Empire, and if it had been attacked like London was attacked on Tuesday, the emotional temperament of the people would have created a ferment that would have reacted throughout Germany.

Leading air experts have contended again and again that if the fortified cities of the Rhineland were constantly menaced by aeroplane raids, the Huns would be forced to retain for their home defences large numbers of air machines now at liberty for their raids upon London and other aggressive purposes. Therefore, from the point of view of the German military offensive, such machines would be put out of action just as successfully and with even more certainty than by raiding the aerodromes in Belgium.

These arguments have never been refuted, but the authorities have ignored them, and have adhered to that attitude of silent, dogged, and persevering obstinacy so characteristic of the official mind.

How many more hundreds of helpless people are to be murdered and maimed before the authorities recognise the logic of these facts by doing something real to bring the war right home to the Germans in their own cities?

If we had a clean cut, well-defined policy, we would concentrate upon and single out Cologne, and, by way of reprisal, attack that city again and again, each time with increasing force, and, by printed proclamations thrown down to the inhabitants, explain clearly the reasons why.

This question of persistent—not spasmodic—reprisal with a definite and always the same objective, is so important that the Government should be forced to explain why they persistently ignore this policy, which is one of ordinary practical common sense. It is safe to predict that these raids will get worse and worse, and as the methods of defence against night raids are problematical in their efficacy, the Huns will become proportionately encouraged to enlarge and intensify their devilish operations.

Our true defence is persistent and effective reprisal, and just as the Huns concentrate upon London, let us each time reply by concentrating upon Cologne, a city of 600,000 people, and well within the area of our operations.

The public who are the sufferers (one never hears of officials getting killed) have a clear right to demand that such reprisals be carried out. The lives of our people are more to us than the opinions of eminent ecclesiastics, who probably reside in areas remote from the risk of Hun outrage.

Your obedient servant, F. E. COE.

[The reason why we do not bomb German frontier towns is, not the fear of ecclesiastics, but the shortage of air-craft, which is being rapidly remedied.—ED. S.R.]

DARKNESS AND COMPOSURE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—Now that we are shortly to enter on another winter, I hope that the policy for meeting raids on London summarised in the heading will be carefully considered by members of Parliament of a serious sort who are in touch with public opinion. The Government have notoriously lagged behind that opinion in the measures which so far they have arranged, or have had forced upon them. The ordinary person is not allowed to say anything. In Parliament alone can the right measures and expedients be fairly discussed, if necessary with closed doors. But the public will not stand inaction and indifference.

Yours faithfully,

A VICTIM OF LAST WINTER.

REVIEWS.

Shakespeare's Fight with the Pirates and the Problems of the Transmission of his Text. By Alfred W. Pollard. Moring. 7s. 6d. net.

Two Pretended Autographs of Shakespeare. By Sir Maunde Thompson. In 'The Library,' July.

Two facts about Shakespeare and his times have been thrust into the shade by the conditions of modern literature, and by the recognition of his greatness as a dramatic author which began after the Restoration and reached its apogee in the nineteenth century. The first of these facts is that contemporary estimation of Shakespeare as a dramatist was for the most part limited to the populace: that his art, practice and theory alike, was directly opposed to that favoured in Court and refined society. It was the direct descendant and the natural successor of the old trestle play of a century earlier, while the Court favoured a translation, or an adaptation, or an imitation of the classical tragedy: Seneca for choice, but if not, Euripides. No doubt Queen Elizabeth attended some Shakespeare performances (has not Queen Mary been seen at a music-hall performance?), for Royalty can even throw a kindly smile on the amusements of "A Philistine," but such concessions cannot be taken to represent the authorised view of theatrical entertainment in the most influential circles of the time.

A second misapprehension is that authors of that day were anxious to see themselves in print. That is by no means generally true. The controversialist, the pamphleteer, the professional hack, took, no doubt, every opportunity that offered itself of this kind of publicity, but we have ample evidence that not till the end of the 16th century did it become a matter of course that a book, when written, was intended to be printed. As a question of fact, books destined for a very small circle of readers could be more economically produced by professional copyists than by the press. Manuscript copies of quite long works are known, dated thirty years before they were printed. But in many cases, circulation in manuscript was a fashion, just as in our own days the privately printed book became one, and the touch of the printer was thought to vulgarise a work which appealed only to the cultivated. Sir Philip Sidney, for example, did not allow any of his works to be printed in his lifetime, and Bacon's Essays were circulated in manuscript long before they came to press.

Of course, one result of this aristocratic exclusiveness was to arouse a small, it may be, but sufficiently profitable demand to justify a printer in producing any such work if he could obtain a copy. The property of an author in his work could hardly have been brought before the law courts in any convenient way—the Chancery courts had not come into their own, and his only remedy was by injunction from the Star Chamber or Privy Council. A great man like Sidney could get this at once, but Bacon, though well connected, preferred issuing his Essay himself to undergoing the trouble and misinterpretation of motives which might follow an application to the Council. The Court of Requests, the poor man's Star Chamber, would probably have refused to enter on the matter. We know of quite a number of cases where the rights of authors were ignored by the pirate publishers of Shakespeare's days—among the sufferers being Shakespeare himself. Bacon, however, took the trouble of having the "pirate" registration on the books of Stationers' Hall cancelled, Shakespeare did not.

All these considerations bear on the question how far have we a trustworthy text of Shakespeare's plays? Sir Sidney Lee, with many other scholars, holds, or assumes, that the text of the First Folio is based in many cases on earlier pirated texts, modified by more or less perfect transcripts which had passed into private hands, clumsily and carelessly edited. Mr. Pollard has for the last few years been organis-

ing an attack on this position, summed up in the Sanders Lectures. Nineteen plays in the First Folio were already in print as quarto texts; the source of the remaining ones is unknown, but is presumably the playhouse copies. Five of the nineteen Quarto plays are certainly pirated, and are not used for the Folio, but twelve of the remaining fourteen are, the two exceptions being readily explained. We know that in the case of the good Quartos and the First Folio we have an actual reprint of the playhouse prompt copy, and Mr. Pollard supports the view that the prompter's copy was, in all probability, the original and only manuscript of the play. His other arguments, insisting on the fact that the first legitimately printed copy of Shakespeare's text is the only one of any importance to students, would seem only to need statement for complete acceptance, but critics are so blinded by the value now put on a Shakespeare autograph that they forget the estimate of contemporaries.

As for the playhouse copyist, we have no trace of his existence. Roughly it may be said that we have no duplicate copies of any popular play in manuscript, and certainly no duplicate of any censored play, most of these manuscripts being prompt copies. On the other hand, we have a number of duplicate copies of the non-popular or classical play, and none of these is a prompt copy, or the censor's copy. The case of 'Gismonde of Salerne' is in point; one copy, in the British Museum, is a finely written MS., evidently a presentation copy, the other is a copy made for himself by some one interested in contemporary poetry. Neither could ever have had the slightest connection with theatrical production.

It would be tempting to go into the question of Shakespeare's handwriting, and to follow the discussion as to whether we have some pages of it in the play of 'Sir Thomas More,' but the question is too complicated for brief discussion. Any one who wishes to see for himself the degree of precision with which a judgment on such a subject may be formed should read Sir E. Maunde Thompson's exposure of the two forged Shakespeare signatures in the current number of 'The Library.' It was in this quarterly that Mr. Pollard's lectures first appeared, not the least of the services it has rendered to the history of English literature.

TWO WONDERLANDS.

Myths of Crete and Pre-Hellenic Europe. By Donald A. Mackenzie. The Gresham Publishing Company. 10s.

Wonder Tales from Scottish Myth and Legend. By Donald A. Mackenzie. Blackie. 6s. net.

MR. DONALD MACKENZIE has taken the wings of the morning. He has flown back to the fairylands of real and magnificent civilisation, and he has tracked the psychology of the so-called myths which underlie them. In the first volume he presents us with the thrilling drama of ancient Crete—probably the lost "Atlantis" and possibly the Scheria of Homer's Alcinous. In the second and much slighter book he gives us some legends of those old Scottish superstitions, which represent the salvage of the remote fears and foibles of mankind. In both he has correlated these to their primeval origins during the glacial periods—to those wonderful "Aurignacians," "Magdalenians," and "Cro-Magnons," who, struggling with, and evolved by, the primal upheavals of the elements and the waterways, remain immanent in us all, and have stamped their record on an art which is much more than a beginning, for it precluded that wonderful Cretan craftsmanship that influenced even Egypt, and is the direct source of Hellenism.

Crete was created to be a conduit-pipe, as it were, between the southern shores of Europe and of Asia, for it is the floating frontier that unites the Archipelago and the Mediterranean, and the most southern part of Europe. It was a born spreader and inter-communi-



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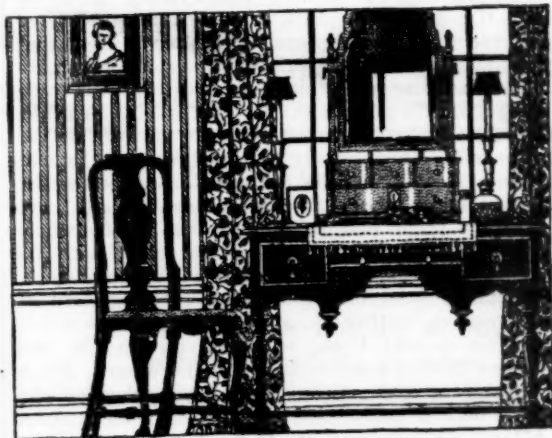
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cator of civilisations. The discoveries at Cnossus and the smaller but no less interesting remains in minor cities have proved a revelation. The early Minoan age alone dates from 2800 to 2200 before our era, and these six centuries witnessed the sack of Troy and the sixth Egyptian dynasty. The middle Minoan age (2200-1700) produced an order of things artistic, political, and scientific that in some respects has not been surpassed. The late Minoan age (1700-1500) embraced the times of Abraham and of the Theban kings in Egypt. We stand therefore behind the veil in the spectacle of its splendour, yet how curiously modern much of it appears. Their crucibles for metal-smelting still survive. The better houses have several stories, and possessed balconies like the comparatively recent ones of Pompeii. In the great palace at Cnossus (and in smaller houses throughout) there is already a drainage system resembling our own, and portable heaters with perforated sides for the rooms. The ladies had "wasp-waists," and wore bell-shaped skirts (as the Egyptians had "hobble" ones), and they were fair as Circassians. In the frescoes that adorn the walls and by turns recall those of the cinque-cento, and, curiously enough, the illustrations of Mr. Dulac, you can watch their processions and diversions. On a chest you see harvesters that remind you of Sterne's vignette of the Provencal vintage and the nut-brown maid who sang "Fidon la tristessa." There are models of ships, too; and animal life (the goat belonged to their hills and beliefs) is portrayed in finished faience. There is the Palace chapel, with on one side its snake-goddess of health and fertility; on the other, an adoring priestess, with arms extended, while in the middle of the altar stands a cross—that earliest of astral emblems. There are vast wine-cellars, moreover, which no Georgian could have exhausted, and there is a wall-painting of a graceful cup-bearer, which would have done honour to Leighton. There is, further, an early "figurine" of a "leaper" (or is it a diver?) which Sir George Frampton would find it hard to excel. There is a huge theatre in the precincts, which amounted, indeed, to a township; the "grand-stand" alone held two hundred people. There is still the majestic throne in the stately throne-room, where, as women then held high place, the ladies may well have been presented at drawing-rooms to Minos. Near that hall of audience and the private rooms adjoining are elaborate bathrooms. White and blue (there was trade in indigo) are the prominent colours, and above run the labyrinthine galleries associated with the cult of the Minoan bull. There appear to have been a parliament of island chiefs, chronicles inscribed on tablets or the papyrus imported from the Nile, a blend of races, and a maritime spirit that recalls our own. The whole panorama of nearly three thousand years, with its fainter background of ten to twenty thousand more, moved under skies of crystal, with a background of Mediterranean fruitfulness, and under conditions which linked commercial Crete with Assyria on the one hand and Spain—even Britain—on the other. These conditions, on the religious side, comprehended the worship both of nature and ancestry, with its symbols of pillars and cromlechs, the birth of Zeus in the Dictæan cave (it is a cave island), the cult of Ceres, and the whole natural pedigree of the Greek Olympus—a pantheon so much younger than Mount Ida's. Some of the first immigrants were Achæans and Pelasgi who became in the course of their wanderings the Philistines. If Delilah was like Minoan ladies, no wonder that Samson fell. What are the petty changes of our paltry centuries compared with these perennial developments, in contrast with which King Solomon and his Tyrian traders are things of yesterday? We can give no idea of this volume's fascination or the solid base of its interest. Perhaps it is occasionally rather, diffuse—more a series of lectures than an interwoven story. Perhaps, also, the heavy pressure—persistent as it is—of the glacial periods somewhat overweighs the later romance of reality. We could have wished—had it been within the author's scope—for some

account of Crete's continuous history—of her intercourse with Sicily, of the Roman Conquest, the Venetian, the Saracen. An island, only one hundred and sixty miles long, that took Quintus Metellus five years to subdue in 67 B.C., and the Turks over twenty years to besiege and reduce by 1667, can have owned no mean spirit or instinctive traditions. The later chronicle is familiar, and Crete may yet play her part in the transfiguration of Greece. But these qualifications in no way affect either the glamour or the qualities of an account which is surprisingly adequate both to the far distance and human nearness of its theme. The illustrations are well chosen, and the artist, Mr. Duncan, is especially to be congratulated on his coloured recall of these old-world types and phases.

One of Heine's enchanting fantasies depicts how the banned pagan gods and goddesses strayed, forlorn and haunting, through the forests and waste places of mediæval Europe. We feel the truth of this in the weird romances of fay and phantom which the next book unfolds. In the previous volume, too, we learn how ancient is the "blessing of the bonfires" and the strange magic of mice which links the scriptural "abomination and the mouse" to customs lingering in the Highlands. There are very few "superstitions," for all their northern tinge, that do not carry us back Eastwards; and, as we exist to-day, we seem a tissue of discarded creeds. We may point out that, in the portals of Pompeian houses, the Lares and Penates—little else than the old sacred snakes of Crete—show much the same pattern on their frames as the Renaissance revived unconsciously in the frames of Madonnas; so potent and penetrative are the adaptive influences of "Madre Natura," and the founts of the old Gaelic fables, which are the seasons, the streams, the winds and the waves, the good presences and the evil eye, hark back to the Mediterranean coasts. The primeval serpent plays its part, though there is also, of course, the local colour of the "northern lights," and of the salmon—an impartor of divination. One of these folk-tales, "Heroes of the Green Isle," where the everlasting princess imprisoned in a tower awaits the usual deliverer, simply repeats, apparently, an ancient Egyptian fable. "Another interesting Scottish story," comments Mr. Mackenzie, "is the 'Vision of the Dead.' The woman who acts as a nurse to a fairy child sees the spirits of the dead cutting corn. In Egypt it was believed that the dead were thus employed in the Paradise of Osiris, who was, among other things, a corn-god." None the less, we feel that the Celtic apparitions have been, shall we call it, gothicised? In their miracles there is more of magic and less of power, more of waywardness and less of will, more of symbol and less of serenity than in those nature giants of the far past; the elves, too, are more in keeping with gargoyles than with marble columns. These myths are a sort of living proverbs embodying the canniness of the race and the mistiness of the climate which gave them being. Herb knowledge is turned to mystery; in the 'Princess of Land-under-Waves' the red moss—which is really the curative sphagnol—is a wonder-working charm. And there is a vein of tenderness which is Christian. In the 'Kingdom of the Seals,' the fisherman who finds the seal mermaids in their white foam houses, and is shown the knife with which he killed a seal-father, promises never to hunt a seal again—and receives the reward of a bag—found afterwards to be full of pearls. Moreover, there is a disquiet about them which has nothing in common with the calm certainty of the southern gods and the rough ruthlessness of the northern. If these traditions are not so young as they look, neither are they so old. They are not the songs sung under violet skies: they are tales told by the fireside.

Naomi of the Mountains. By Christopher Cullen. Cassell. 6s.

Here is a capital story of the Wild West which breeds numerous cattle and horses, cattle-rustlers,

ready hands with revolvers, and wily Indians. The opening scene, in which an Englishman, a dead-beat tramp, is saved from starving by the chances offered by a sudden affray in a drinking saloon, is excellently conceived, and thereafter the man who stands up for him is thrown into companionship with him in a romantic and pastoral spot among the mountains, which includes an attractive girl with a half-crazed father. Mr. Cullen evidently writes with a genuine appreciation of a country where "only man is vile," but we think he would be wise, when he writes again, to reduce his scenery. The book also gives us the impression that he was not quite sure, until he got some way into it, which of the two men was to be the hero. The hero is a main point in a romance, and his position should be clear to the reader. We had almost despaired of seeing Redskin again, when he and his favourite animal testified to a vitality worthy of Scott's doughty Saxon in 'Ivanhoe.' But he was certainly destined to survive, since the sheriff who was after him for the results of that shooting affray did not perceive any signs of his presence in the house where he had lived for some time. Mr. Cullen's vocabulary is vivid, and might be the better for a footnote or two. The average reader, for instance, does not know what "alfafa" is. We hope the author will write again, for he has genuine talent and a sense of character.

In the preface to 'Pan's Punishment' (T. Werner Laurie, 2s. 6d. net), Mr. F. D. Grierson warns us in an effusive burst of confidence that we shall need courage to read his book to the end. He does himself an injustice. The world to which he introduces us holds us entranced. We long to know the whereabouts of Parminster—or does it, as we suspect, exist only in the land of the Cinema? Where else could be found the beautiful and guileless Pandora Mayfield—or the Suburban Smart Set to which she belongs—or the black-eyed and black-hearted villain to whom she falls a prey—or the country cottage whither he lures her? There, in a room furnished only with "a huge green divan" a piano, and a Moorish table (what perfect taste these villains have!), he "pledges" her in "rich wine" (drunk—need it be said?—from Venetian glass), and lulls her with the strains of "well-chosen *morceaux* from the Italian operas." Of course, he deserts her and vanishes all too soon from our ken. Of course, too, the Smart Set casts Pandora off. She is befriended by a soulful widow lady, who is given to sitting on fallen tree-trunks, and there reading the Bible and meditating on the Beyond.

Led by this guardian angel, the stricken innocent is melted and restored.

She becomes a hospital nurse, and the War conveniently breaks out just as she is ready to offer her services at the front. By this time a steadfast hero has appeared on the scene—a strong, silent man, who combines the exquisite advantages of being both an orphan and an engineer.

The knowledge of her Past forbids Pan to allow him to propose, and she goes to France leaving him with his love undeclared.

Having got her into the war zone, the author gives his imagination full rein. He cannot leave Cinema land. He hurries Pan into a hospital, "not quite a hospital, not quite a dressing station, and not quite a 'clearing station'—(are there such things?)—within an ace of the firing line. Here he riots in wounded Highlanders, who invoke their "mithers," and in a final orgy of melodrama hurls his heroine—a prisoner—into the hands of a Prussian officer.

But Pan has learnt wisdom, and this time poisons the wine in which she is once again "pledged." ("Pledging" seems an incurable habit with Mr. Grierson's villains.) Arrayed in her victim's uniform, she makes her escape, and, by a sublime stroke of originality, the story ends in her capture by the steadfast hero, who seems to have joined the forces for the sole purpose of meeting her.



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And then the General is told "all about it." Lucky General! We hope that the story was given him with just that blend of jocularly and false delicacy which characterises Mr. Grierson's style. Then, if he were a General with a sense of humour, he would have enjoyed it.

LATEST BOOKS.

London Churches Before the Great Fire. By Wilberforce Jenkinson. S.P.C.K. 15s. net.

Mr. Jenkinson has evidently kept a commonplace book to good purpose, and has been a diligent reader of sixteenth and seventeenth century literature, with the result that he has been able to give us a very interesting, if somewhat uncritical, work on his subject. It is illustrated by a score of reproductions of prints selected and executed by Mr. Emery Walker, a fact which vouches for their quality sufficiently. The book itself is extremely well printed and set on the page, and is a pleasure to read and handle, but the author should not have printed an account of one of Latimer's sermons in 1558 without reminding his readers that Latimer was burnt in 1555. It would have been an improvement if a list of the remains of pre-Carolinian churches had been drawn up and inserted. We can recommend Mr. Jenkinson's book to the appreciative interest of Londoners.

ONCE A MONTH.

The Nineteenth Century this month is well varied, and is not, we are glad to see, confined to political discussions. Mr. George Dewar opens with a warning that it is madness to deal tenderly with any German peace move. We do not see much point in "Furor Teutonicus: a Reminder," by Sir Malcolm McIlwraith, especially as he quotes copiously from an easily accessible book, Price Collier's on 'Germany and the Germans.' There is nothing new in Prof. Dicey's 'Ireland as a Dominion,' though he regards it as all but certain that the Convention will propose something of the kind. 'The Men with the New Faces' is an account by Corporal Ward Muir of the wonderful work in restoration of maimed and shattered faces done by Mr. Derwent Wood, the sculptor who enlisted as a private, and began by washing dishes. The Masks for Facial Disfigurement Department for once appears to have got beyond the official idea of putting square men in round holes. Mr. Frederic Harrison's dialogue, 'A Very Invisible God,' seems chiefly designed to claim for Comte a debt Mr. Wells has not acknowledged. Mr. W. S. Lilly in 'The Newest Fetish' makes a vigorous attack on some democratic ideas, and Mr. Frank Newbolt in 'A Letter to a Dead Author' amuses us by writing in the smart dialect of O. Henry. 'Polish Political Parties and the War' is a well-informed article by Mr. R. A. Ussher.

In the *National Review*, the editor of which is now associated with the direction of the *Globe*, the 'Episodes of the Month' deal vigorously with recent peace talk and the revelations concerning Sweden. Mr. Maxse in 'Studies in Injured Innocence' returns to the case of Lord Haldane, as exhibited in the apologia of the *Manchester Guardian*, and dwells on the telegrams exchanged between the Kaiser and the Tsar in 1904 and 1905. 'The Finance of an Assistant Schoolmaster,' by "One of Them," is well worth reading, for it emphasises the point that even the men in the highest positions at our great public schools have to look to catering to make an income at all compatible with that earned by successful men in other professions. Those who can hope to become headmasters are few, but the writer is surely mistaken in saying that they must be clergymen. There is a change coming in this respect of which notable signs are not wanting. "G," in 'The Parable of my Grandfather's Hat,' pleads for strong administration of Ireland, and quotes some good sayings.

In the *Cornhill* Mr. Boyd Cable writes another story concerning air warfare, showing a damaged machine struggling to do important work, and only

used because strikers at home failed to turn out the proper material. 'My First Term at Westminster,' by 'A New Boy,' is an interesting account of the House of Commons by a new member. The author discusses the question of seats (not unconnected with Prayers), recent reputations, and the sense of generosity and goodwill which pervades the House. He has not yet, apparently, had full experience of the strenuous idleness which Dickens parodied in Messrs. Boots and Brewer. Sir Henry Lucy in 'Sir Charles Dilke' summarises the position which the 'Life' reveals. He does not state what 'The Book of the Spiritual Life' made certain, that the religious side of Dorothea Broke was taken from the letters of Mrs. Pattison, and he goes too far in calling the great scholar she married "curiously like" Casaubon. We welcome Mr. Huxley's remarks on style in 'Half and Half'; 'The German Royal Visits to Palestine' are amusingly treated by Estelle Blyth. Never was the Kaiser in better form for spectacular display, and the Turks actually cut a new entry in the wall of Jerusalem to admit him.

Blackwood maintains its position as an admirable commentator on distant regions. It takes us to a coronation in Abyssinia, an island in Victoria Nyanza, Cyprus, which had, it appears a fine supply of male-factors some thirty years since, Mesopotamia, of which C. B. writes very well, and those delights of Kashmir on which "Odysseus" has already dwelt. 'How I Escaped from Germany' reveals the courage and resource of "An Officer." He had to face deep snow and a country in which most of the signposts had been pulled up to prevent prisoners from finding their way. "Jawohl" was almost all his German, but he got through with it and a stout stick which settled one forest guard. He made for himself and his friend two modish chauffeur's caps from the American cloth lining of his rucksack, which may seem to many males the greatest feat of his journey. We are pleased to see an Anglo-Indian veteran, like Sir George Forrest, dealing firmly and soundly with 'The Administration of India.' The views he quotes from Mr. Chaubal are well worth attention, for that broad-minded representative of Indian life has an ample knowledge of England and English education.

THE CITY.

Since we wrote recently drawing attention to the enactment of double income tax provisions under the new Income Tax Act in Canada, we have had an opportunity of refreshing our memory as to what took place at the Imperial War Conference in April 1917. There the question of double income tax was fully discussed, and the attitude of Canada towards it clearly stated by the representatives of the Dominion who took part in the proceedings. The British Government, as represented by Sir Robert Chambers, intimated that a pledge had been given that an inquiry should be instituted after the war. Of the Canadian representatives present Mr. Hazen stated that the tax was improper and unwise, and that that was the opinion of every person who had spoken at the Conference. He objected to delay in dealing with it. Sir Robert Borden asked why the inquiry had not been undertaken before the war. Sir Geo. Perley supported the arguments advanced by Mr. Massey from New Zealand in opposition to the tax. Ultimately a resolution was adopted to the effect that the present system of double income tax called for review, and that an amendment of the law should be made to remedy the present unsatisfactory position. The resolution had the full support of the Canadian representatives, including Sir Robert Borden. It is therefore somewhat surprising to find Canada herself, with the ink hardly dry upon these declarations, now in the field with a tax of this description.

The banks are in a difficulty about their deposit rates. They are obliged to give high rates in order to prevent their deposits being depleted what with the crushing taxation, the high cost of living, and the

Government rate at 5 per cent. From the national point of view, which is to get the money, it does not seem to matter much whether the bankers use their customers' deposits to take up war loans, or whether their customers subscribe directly. Of course, the customer, or investor, gets a higher rate from the War Loan than from the bank on deposit; but against that he has set the fluctuations of the market when he wants to sell.

We are glad to read that Sir William Meyer has decided at last to issue small notes for one and two and a half rupees. Had this step been taken earlier some of the financial stringency in Ceylon might have been avoided. It was feared that the native coolie would not take paper, but he has taken the five-rupee notes readily. Further, Sir William has promised not to reduce the number of India Council bills offered for sale in London, "except under the pressure of absolute necessity." The Indian financial experts failed to foresee the rise in silver; hence the present difficulty of obtaining fresh silver for coinage. If silver continues to rise, the Secretary of State cannot be expected to sell rupees at less than their bullion value; so we may see the rupee back at 2s. after all. In the 'nineties the rupee rose to 1s. 11d. If the Government is going to buy the total output of the tea and rubber companies, as is reported, and pay for it in rupees the plantation companies will in some measure be compensated for the loss of freight.

We do not know whether any of our great financiers in the City, such as Sir Edward Holden and Sir Felix Schuster, are considering the most vital of all the after-the-war problems, namely, how the interest and principal of our national debt are to be handled. Assuredly there is no question which ought to be more interesting to the City; and if instead of pre-occupying themselves with such questions as What to do with Labour? these great bankers would begin to ask themselves, How are we to meet our engagements? it would, we think, be more useful. The figures are so enormous that few but professional financiers can follow them. In 1914 the indebtedness of the various municipalities and county councils, a point too often overlooked, was £283,436,388, bearing in interest £8,928,246, and the Local Loan Stock was £77,058,813 on which the interest is £2,311,764. The amount of Consols outstanding in March 1914 was £586,718,000; but by conversions into War Loans this has been reduced to £280,466,338. The total National indebtedness, including Funded and Floating Debt, Municipal Debt and Local Loans Stock, is £4,393,753,850, on which the interest is somewhere between £180,000,000 and £200,000,000. We have adopted this wide calculation because there are certain forms of floating debt, such as War Expenditure Certificates and War Saving Certificates, which are really debts but are counted as revenue, and taken at their redemption value. If the war lasts another twelve months at the present rate of expenditure, the total debt will not be short of £7,000,000,000, seven thousand millions, and the interest will not be less than £350,000,000; three hundred and fifty millions a year to be added to our last pre-war Budget of £200,000,000. What with pensions, increased pay of the army and navy, education and housing schemes, £600,000,000 looks like the annual sum which will have to be provided by taxation. In the face of such figures does it not seem mad, to use no harsher term, to bring in an Education Bill costing £40,000,000 a year, and to talk of a Housing Scheme involving £300,000,000? Of the above total, over a thousand millions (£1,171,000,000) have been lent to our Allies, a good deal, said to be some £500,000,000 to Russia. How much of this shall we ever see again?

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PRINCE LINE.

The TWENTY-THIRD ORDINARY GENERAL MEETING of the Prince Line, Limited, was held on 29th September, the Right Hon. Lord Furness, chairman of the Company, presiding.

The chairman said: I do not think that the accounts call for any detailed comment. They are self-explanatory. The profit for the year, after making the necessary provisions for taxation, etc., amounts to £430,816 15s. 4d., as against £495,328 7s. 8d. last year, which you will notice shows a difference of some £64,500. The increase from 60 per cent. to 80 per cent. in the excess profits duty took effect on January 1st this year, consequently six months of the company's trading to June 30th is subject to the increased taxation. The Government scheme for liner requisition came into force in March last, so that our steamers have from time to time automatically come under this scheme during the last three months of the financial year, with a consequent reduction in earnings. Further, there are the heavy and increasing working expenses. You will notice from the accounts that we propose to pay the same dividend as last year, namely, 30 per cent. An interim dividend of 5 per cent. was distributed in March last, and a final dividend of 25 per cent. will be posted to the shareholders within the next few days.

One of the principal functions of the Ministry of Shipping is to divert vessels from such lines as are not directly trading with this country, and place them in trades where they can directly serve the needs of Great Britain and the Allies. This course is fully warranted by the nations' requirements, and is one that should have the support and approval of everyone. At the same time, these channels of trade have been secured for British shipping by private enterprise and many years' of individual toil, and there is no doubt that before the war they afforded a considerable source of revenue for this country. For that reason, though it may now be necessary to lay them bare to foreign competitors, it is of paramount importance the British owner should be placed in such a position that he at least has a reasonable prospect of regaining these trades when he once again has the surplus tonnage to engage in them.

There is a real danger that after the war the Prince Line and other companies similarly situated, having been subjected to heavy taxation, and having had their source of profit limited to a narrow margin, will find these foreign competitors so securely established that it will be beyond their power to dislodge them. In any case it does not need a prophet to foresee that the contest is going to be an uphill and costly one.

I now propose the adoption of the report and accounts.

Mr. F. W. Lewis, in seconding the motion, said: The chairman's remarks, coupled with the directors' report, have dealt fully with the accounts for the past year, and I do not think it is necessary for me to add anything thereto, but I cannot let pass this opportunity of expressing the pleasure which it gives me to address as a director the shareholders of a company which has for many years held such a high place in shipping circles as the Prince Line, Limited. I congratulate you upon the position which your company has attained—undoubtedly the result of most studious care by your late managing director—and I congratulate myself upon being associated with you. Whilst I think the accounts before us may be regarded as very satisfactory, as the chairman has told you, we cannot look forward to anything like the same results being achieved during the current year. The fortunes of war are probably recoiling upon the Prince Line to a greater extent than upon the majority of shipowners, but nowadays particularly is a broad-minded spirit essential, and we do not cavil at regulations which are aimed at achieving the greatest common good in the national interests, even though they may in practice entail some inequality of treatment. At the same time, as business men, we must do everything within our power to protect the interests entrusted to our care. One of the most valuable assets of your company is its regular trades between distant ports—an asset of national as well as commercial value—and whilst our vessels are being diverted into other routes of greater urgency from the national point of view, we must keep as tight a grip as possible, upon these trades, hence the need for strengthening the company's reserve. Although the present outlook is not by any means encouraging, we are determined that there shall be no halt in the progress of the Prince Line.

The resolution was carried unanimously.

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